had a pair of kings and he opened the pot for \$50. I had three sixes and I stood the \$50

and I captured my fourth six. Say, may be

wasn't shaking, for I knew Bowen was in for

His Only Straight Flush.

A Hopeful View.

Old Mrs. Bentley - Have you heerd how

Human Nature.

"Well (reflectively), I guess I don't need

Far Fetched.

reen things along the edge of the stage! McQuillen—Why, those are footlights.

Miss Foote-Indeed! Ain't they small?

Young Housekeeper - Have you canvas

Butcher-No. but I have some nice gress.

The Letter That Never Came.

A letter with the following address has

Sylvester Brown, a web faced scrub
To whom this letter wants to go,
Is chopping wood for his grub
In Silver City, Idaho.

—New York Tribune.

No Time to Lose,

Convalescent-But you only called three

Theory and Practice.

Foreman-What was that disturbance on

the stairway a minute ago? Editor—Oh, that old bore of a Quinby

"Good scheme. Now you'll have to write

"Here's an article you can use. It is headed 'Politeness Pays,' "—Nebraska State

The Reason He Is Rich.

"I see that the proprietor of a hotel in Washington is worth \$13,000,000," said a

Mother-I am surprised, dear, to see you at the piano so soon after the death of your

cause he used to be a porter in the

"Well, that's not to be wondered at."

house he now owns -Hotel Mail.

for the amount of this bill.

alled on me and I kicked him out.

column of stuff for me.

banker to a friend.

"Why soi"

o you charge a visit!

and pay up .- Epoch

Physician-Two dollars,

Young Housekeeper-Very well, you end a nice canvas back goose.—Life.

"You can have him for nothing."

him "-Nebraska State Journal

Philadelphia Call.

A Letter Which Calls to Mind the Diary in Which Is Found All That Is Known of Home Life in Pepys' Time-Lon don's Great Historical Fire.

[Special Correspondence.] LONDON, April 2.- Even when every demand of the guide book has been ignored, and all that the ordinary sights-or deems as essential to the proper "doing" of London, there remains for the seeker an embarrass ment of riches. Once over London bridge there need be but a glance toward the Tower, England's great slaughter house, its mortar mingled with blood, and every stone of the tower and keep and dangeon ready to cry out against the generations of rulers who here perverted justice. No memories apparently trouble the crowd that streams through the gates and gazes pridefully on the queen's regalia and the queen's beef enters, and such few sights as the fear of dynamite plots has left open to the people, and they are the hap-pier for the fact.

The Tower is in sight as we go, but our way lies to-day, with Pepys, whose name stares at one in great letters from a tailor's shop in a cross street. Evidently the family bent was in this direction, for Pepys himself, though never forced to learn his father's trade, was an infallible judge of fabrics, whether for men or women, and records the first wearing of a choice new suit with as distinct complacence as when he has gained one on the king's behalf, or taken one more step in his rise in life. If Dickens gives us London, or rather the London of the ast 100 years, like no other writer of that period of time, Pepys is no less essential to the student of old London. The house which he kind hearted, self seeking, lord loving and very business like little man built for elf in Seething lane stands no longer, though spared by the great fire, which swept

over most of this part of London also.

The story, as Pepys gives it, may be reparded as one of the first and best bits of re-alistic description in English literature, pre-Raphaelite in its accuracy. From the first moment, when the maids who have sat up to finish some preparations for a "feast" the next lay, call their master at 3 in the morning to eir master at 3 in the morning to sell of a great fire in the city, to the end, when he wanders among the ruins trying to recall landmarks, one sees every inch of the bery progress. Pepys goes to sleep again after a short look and rises late, setting at ance to work with his usual love of order in arranging the closet, disturbed by the women's cleaning the previous day, and un-loubtedly swearing under his breath at their heories regarding the relative value and slace of papers. But when at last he is told hat the fire has reached London bridge he aastens down, noting by the way how the poor pigeons "loath to leave their houses about the windows and balconies till they burned their wings and fell down."

The people seemed equally distraught, staying in their houses till the fire touched them, and then running into boats or clamering from one pair of stairs by the water

ide to another.

Back to the King's closet in Whitehall, and "I did tell the King and Duke of York, what Isaw, and that unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down, nothing sould stop the fire. They seemed much broubled and commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the are every way." A hand in an affair of this magnitude was altogether to the mind of the busy little man, who hastened by coach, seeing "extraordinary good goods carried in serts and on backs

The lord mayor is met at last, "like a man spent with a hankercher about his neck," who, when he heard the king's message, "cried like a fainting woman, 'Lord! what can I do! I am spent. People will not obey me. I have been pulling down bouses, but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it.' So he left me, and I him." Pepys goes on, and walked home, gazing at the for fine clothes even here, but noting, "I saw Mr. Isaac Houblon, the handsome man, prettily dressed and dirty at his door, at Dowgate, receiving some of his brother's things." Later on as the day wanes, "we had an extraordinary good dinner, and as merry as at this time we could be."

Here all merriment ended. Even the light hearted king felt anxiety enough to go and come restlessly in his barge, watching the fire from one point and another. The wind had risen. Flakes of fire were carried and dropped in a horrible shower, and as it grew darker, and they could endure no more on water, they retreated to a little ale house and saw the fire grow and appear more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the city, in a most borrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. We staid till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side of the bridge and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long; it made me weet

So for days the story goes on till nearly week has passed. The fire reaches the foot of the lane the day after Pepys and Sir William Penn have dug a hole in the garden and buried their wine in it, not forgetting a Parmesan cheese and some papers, and he and the pretty, silly wife, with some friends, carry the gold to a boat and escape to Woolwich, Pepys leaving the treasure there with a charge that it must be watched night and day, and hastening back to watch once more the march of fire and flame.

At last it ends, when all have lost reckon-

ng even of the days of the week, and Pepys, with a long drawn breath of relief, celebra the release from auxiety by hurrying to a friend's lodging, "where," he writes characteristically, "I borrowed a shirt and washed." A week later the wine and "Parmesan cheese," are once more in the proper place, furniture is set up again, and Pepys goes to church and a thanksgiving service that the fire is over, objecting strongly to the cheap wit of the preacher, who tells them the city is reduced from a large folio to a decimo tertio," and gives them altogether "a bad your sermon."

serations ago the house was destroyed and ware houses took its place; the whole region, indeed, is given over to trade, yet in the midst of man's strenuous endeavors after all goods of this world rises one reminder of another, untouched by fire, black with age, and giving final resting place to the busy Pepys, who often passed in through the gateoften spoken of in the Diary as "our owne filled with curious old tombs and utiful specimens of old iron work, and dedicated like various other churches of that period to a Norwegian who came to England and fought on behalf of Ethelred II against door. the Danes, eventually becoming a Christian himself, to the deep disgust of his Norse fellows in arms. His story ends in murder, as do most stories of these early days, and the church is his chief monument. Over the gateway skulls are carved, a memorial of th time of the plague, of which Penys writes in full. The church yard was given up to those strong on lamentations. What makes him

I have been in the church since I left London for the I lague; and if frightened me indeed to go through the church more than I thought grains, and he's been kind of restless ever it could have done to see so many graves lie since."—New York Tribune. so high upon the churchyard where people have been buried of the plague. I was much troubled at it, and do not think to go through it again a good while."

Two epitaphs in the old church deserve

The happy summe and end of their affaires Provided well both for their soules and heires. The other pays less heed to the ideal of ousiness readers then and now:

As I was, so be ye;
As I am, you shall be;
That I gave, that I have;
That I spent, that I bad.
Thus I end all my coste;
That I left, that I loste.

Thus John Orgone and Dame Ellyne his wife, who, from the brass set up in 1584, still speak their words of warning to the beedless speak their words of warraing to the necessars throng without, who pay small heel to such ghostly monition, and, for the most part, have no knowlege of its existence. They ginnee at "The Gate of the Dead" and its triplet of skulls as they hurry past, but why the skulls are there, or why Hart street suddenly becomes Crutched Friars, they have no time to question. The latter is a puzzle vestigation discloses the fact that long, long ago, in the Thirteenth century, a convent and its gardens had place there, the convent of Crossed or Crouched Friars (Fratre Sanctae Crucis), popularized into Crutched Friars. This degeneration of names is one of the perpetual stumbling blocks in the way of the pilgrim who pauses close by a Nightingale lane, wondering, as the eye lingers on the sooty fronts of ware house and manufactory, when the nightingales ceased their vocation, if indeed they ever began is. It proves presently that they never did, a fact much in their favor, since only the most obtuse of birds could find reason for singing

in such precincts. But the name means something after all, being a queer corruption of "Knighten Guid lane," so called in memory of one of those periodical and generally suppressed risings of Anglo-Saxon spirit against intolerable tyranny. Filled with busy, prosperous workers, Edgar the king pitched upon it as a desirable gift for thir been of his knights, who took possession with the calmness born of long practice, forming themselves into a liberty known as Knighten guild. But the inhabitants, who found thir-teen masters too much for them, rose up and departed to another portion of the city, and thus the land, as an old chronicler records, was "left desolate and forlorn by reason of too much servitude."

to much servinue.

It is the story of old London, always cropping to the surface when the first layer of sentiment and association has been removed, nd an ever fresh proof, if proof were needed hat the former days were not "better than these." If oppression is still rampant, and human nature much the same in essence, at east there are thousands where once tens were to be numbered, thinking out remedies and working eagerly toward the better day to come. No greed or blindness of the Nine-teenth century alters this fact, and if many wrighted wrongs are our inheritance, there is deeper sense of what wrong means, and deeper purpose to leave as few as may be for the next generation to reproach us with. The dark side of life grows plainer because there are clearer eyes to see, and when all eyes are open there will be no dark side. HELEN CAMPBELL

FATHER DRUMGOOLE'S WORK.

He Was Much Beloved by the Poor of New York.

[Special Correspondence.]
NEW YORK, April 16.—The Rev. John C. New YORK, April 10.—The rev. John C. Drumgoole, much beloved for his devotion to the poor, died recently in this city. Father Drumgoole was born in County Longford, Ireland, sixty-two years ago. His parents, who were very poor, emigrated to America in 1834. Young John Drumgoole, before he was 20, was made sexton of St. Mary's church in New York, and from his salary saved enough to enable him to enter St. John's college, Fordham. But while pursuing his studies his father died, and he was obliged to leave college and support his mother. Ten years later he entered St. Xavier's college in New York, and was graduated to the seminary of Our Lady of Angels at Niagara Falls. Here he applied himself to the study of theology, and was ordained priest in 1869. He was assigned to St. Mary's church, New York.

Having conceived the idea of founding a mission for the protection of homeless and destitute children, and his plan being ap-proved by Archhishop McClosky, he began the work of founding the St. Vincent de Paul's Newsboys' lodging house. Shortly afterward the name was changed to St. Vincent's Home for the Protection of Homeless and Destitute Boys.



MISSION OF THE IMMACULATE VIRGIN. Father Drumgoole, in order to raise funds for the institution, brought out a little paper called The Homeless Child. With the proceeds of this paper he built a ten story build-ing known as the Mission of the Immaculate Conception. It cost \$200,000. This was opened in 1881. In the following year he bought a tract of land on Staten Island, on which he built another home, called Mount Loretto, at a total cost of \$402,000.

The number of boys who have passed from under the care of Father Drumgoole has an-nually amounted to 13,000. He loved his and cared nothing for his personal comfort. Once, when Cardinal McClosky offered to build him a fine residence, he de-clined. "My home is with the unfortunate," he said. "Among them I wish to live; among them I hope to dia." He accomplished a great work. S. G. C. great work.

Restless. He was a sour looking old man, and be ccupied a flat with his bachelor brother on the fourth floor of a modest uptown apartment house. They were having a quiet hand of whist one evening with two friends, when the voice of a baby in the next flat arose in way opening on Secthing lane. It is his lamentation that penetrated the thin walls parish church, St. Olaves in Hart street, and made the rumble of the elevated railrond seem like the purling of a brook. They stood the uproar for some time, but

when the sour looking man trumped his part-ner's trick three times, he laid down his cards and went and knocked on the neighbor's

"Is your buby sick?" he inquired, as the father appeared "Oh, no, my wife is just putting him to

"I want to ask if his name is Jeremiah?" "Certainly not, why do you think sof" "I thought it might be, he comes out so

full. The church yard was given up a weep so?"
who had died of it, and Pepys records, Jan. weep so?"
"Well, I don't know," admitted the half
"You see sole, and they being the day of the king's mur-ther, and they being at church, I presently how to handle him right. We'en the went into the church. This is the first time ing syrup, squills and ipecae, and to night I have been in the church since I left London told my wife it might be malaria and she'd

A Queer Exhibition.

There was a queer exhibition in the highest law court in England a few days ago. The tables in front of the bench were covered repetition—one over two brothers, aldermen, but evidently progenitors of the Cheeryble volved, and the various styles of bustles brothers, which sums up their methods as were examined with curious interest by the learned judges -- Chicago News.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

sgain and called for "one paper." Hart breathed a sigh of relief and wanted two cards. It was the latter's bet, and he felt his the Family Curtain. Why cannot the parent in preparing Penfant terrible for expected guests be wise to hoisted him a blue stack. Tony elevated him warn against the actual snares that lie in back. Then the elitor again used his good wait! For example, a friend told us this week of a recent visit she had made where her hostess all too evidently "made combattle and the louisville elitor floated had charmed the Louisville editor floated pany" of her. Seated at the breakfast table upon the atmosphere, and he shunted two the little terror piped out, "Two kinds of blue stacks to the leeward of the rake off the little terror piped out, "Two kinds of neat on the table! I never raw such a sup- aperture. Tony looked at him aghast, and per as that before." They tried yet again, and served poulet for the midday meal. and served ponet for the minday ineal.

Again l'enfant terrible. "That was my chickie fished. Poor chickie! That was my chickie, Miss —," Miss — would gladly have spared the poor victim after this appetizing remark, but as there was at this session but one kind of meat on the table, the large of roblingers for half and she participle.

Barry tiptoed softly out of the room. laws of politeness forbade, and she partook with the best possible grace of the pet of the poultry yard.—Boston Commonwealth.

Moods and Tenses.

Two little twins, Louisa and Julia by name, illustrate in their queer speeches the hard work which children have in mastering ing, and I was by far the smallest sardine in ing, and I was by far the sinalest strume in the parts of speech:

One day their mother missed Louisa, and thought no more of losing \$100,000 than as Julia had just been out at a neighbor's, she fancied that perhaps Louisa had been with her.

"Julia," she asked, "did Louisa go out with recommend to their pockets, and if you couldn't cover the money on the table

"No, mamma," said the little girl, "she didn't been; I saw she at the window when I was a wentin'!"—Youth's Companion. the other fellow took the stull. We had a jack pot and there was \$2,000 on the table. Bowen had two pairs, jacks up, and he passed. That was a trick of his. Powell

The Probabilities

Teacher—So you can't do a simple sum in arithmetic? Now, let me explain it to you. Suppose eight of you have together forty-eight apples, thirty-two peaches and sixteen melons, what would each one of you get? "Cholera morbus," replied Johnny.—Powell caught a pair of fives to his kings, and I cantured my fourth six. Say, may be I

His Ambition.

"Willie," said the good pastor, who was thing dinner with the family, "I suppose you will be a literary man, like your father, out his check book and said: 'I suppose you will be a literary man, like your father,

"Willie, with the will be a literary man, like your man, when you grow up."

"Nope," said the little boy addressed, as he looked at the somewhat meagre array of delicacies on the table with lofty scorn, "literary nuthin?! I'm goin' to be a \$10,000 cook!"

"We both murmured "We both murmured book and raised it \$1,500. I then got out my construction array nuthin?! I'm goin' to be a \$10,000 cook!"

"Bowen quit. 'If I thought you had lots of money I would raise this pot enough to make it interesting. As it is, I'll just tilt her \$5,000."

sees. The other day I was in the treasury department of a theatre for a while. It was a matinee day. Among the people in line was a chap whose makeup indicated that he was in the city to see the sights.

"I would like to have one of your best sents," he said, as he looked in at the window just as a chicken in a coop looks out at a grain of corn which it can't reach. 'Dollar and a half," was the reply.

"Got any cheaper?"
"Oh, yes; got 'em for \$1, seventy-five, fifty and twenty five cents."
"Gimme a fifty cent ticket." "All right; there you are."

"Has the show begun yet?" "Not vet." "How long before it will begin?" "Just as soon as you get scated," said the easurer, in a way that was matter of fact. We have been waiting for you.'

"Hey?" said the countryman.

"I say we have been waiting for you. I was afraid you wouldn't come. Please step n so as not to keep the company waiting."

The countryman looked at the treasurer or a half minute, and then asked: "How did you know I was comin'?"-Chicago Mail

A Definite Answer. One of his colleagues in the senate said to One of his colleagues in the senate said to Mr. Palmer, of Michigan, the other day: "Palmer, I suppose that between legiti-mate lumbering, lumber stealing and fires, the timber is getting pretty scarce in Michi-

For a moment Mr. Palmer looked at his friend pityingly and then replied; "Just to think what a common school sys-tem we have and, with it all, a United States senator to ask such a question! Why, my dear sir, there is tumber enough now standing in the state of Michigan to make three board fences, posts and all, fifteen boards high, clear around the earth once a year for fifteen

That removed the questioner's doubts-at least in Mr. Palmer's opini Chicago Herald.

An Appropriate Motto. Mr. Mould (in book store)-I want you to et me up an appropriate motto to hang in ny undertaking establishment. Dealer-How would "Honesty the best

alicy" do? Mr. Mould—That's too much of a chest Dealer (contemplatively)-H'm, how does 'Is life worth living!" strike you!

Mr. Mould—Good, that's just the thing!-

fr Whitman's Nemesis Aroused at Last. An exchange has printed a poem "after Walt Whitman." It is time some one got fter Walt.-Pittsburg Chronicle.

New York Sun.

The recent discovery of an ink lake in Col-orado is considered timely in view of the

oming campaign.—Chicago Inter Ocean, The barber's is a strange profession. You

seldom see one that is not at the head.— Yonkers Statesman. SOME GOOD POKER STORIES.

How Henry Watterson Got Even on

Jack Pot. Like all thoroughbred Kentuckians the editor of The Louisville Courier-Journal, just been sent to the dead letter office: Henry Watterson, is a great poker player.

One evening some years ago he was in New York city and went to see the first American production of Gilbert & Sullivan's opera, "The Pirates of Penzance." Being an admirer of pretty women and pretty music, the performance caught him, and he was especially taken with the song, "I Am a Pirate King." He humined the air between Convalescent (to physician)-I see your bill, doctor, calls for ten dollars. How much the acts and between cloves until he had it down "pat." It was on his lips when he left the theatre after the performance, and the melody welled up from his broad chest as he dropped into a well known resort and encountered a number of professional friends. There were Ned Harrigan, Nat Goodwin, Ned Thorne and other choice spirits, and to them Mr. Watterson lauded the new opera and chased snatches of the "Pirate King" through his puckered lips. Soon a modes game was suggested, and the custodian of the star eyed goddess of reform willingly consented to take a hand. Luck was not with him at the start, and the stack in front of him dwindled perceptibly. He warbled his favorite song, but the melody brought no substantial soluce. Then he began to relate reminiscences of the times when "he was eith Grant." Meanwhile Billy Barry had dropped in as an on looker, and when Waton, whom he did not know, mentioned his intimate acquaintance with the old hero. Billy stepped on Ned Harrigan's foot, and in a stage whisper asked: "Who's his slobs!" He was informed that "his slobs" was all right, and then be appeared satisfied. Pretty soon there was a jack pot. The editor picked up his hand, slid the squeezers past his good eye and began to softly whisper the "Pirate King." Ned and Nat investigated and stayed in. Thorne dropped out. Tony Hart, who was dealing, remained in with the Nat bet 10 and Harrigan saw him. Then Mr. Watterson passed his cards in re-view before his valuable optic, musically declared himself a pirate king and shoved up a \$30 stack. Tony Hart gazed at him searchingly over his hand, saw the \$30, and held his breath. Nat and Harrigan passed out, while Billy Barry shifted to the other foot and began to take a deep interest in the fon. Watterson carefully "skun" his card

Authentie Information. Leadlady to attic floor, back, a newspaper kumorist)—Will you have another piece of the liver, Mr. Burri way carefully with "one seed." The man with the melody and the uncertain vision Mr. Burr-No more, thanks.

Landlady-Mr. Burr. I see so much in the rewspapers about chestnuts. Please tell me what a chestnut is? Mr. Burr-A chestnut, Mrs. Hendricks, is

anything that has been repeated so often that it becomes aged or stale—or liver for instance.-New York Sun.

simply called, throwing upon the table, face upward, three large aces and two fives. Wat-The Correct Time. "At Leadville once I sat in a game of poker with Senator Tom Bowen, of Califorthe other fellow took the stuff. We had

> Stranger (to young Mr. Darwin)-you kindly tell me the time, sir! Young Mr. Darwin (consulting his watch Waterbury)-Aw, just twelve, sir. Stranger-Twelve! Why, that's hours too

Young Mr. Darwin-Aw, London time, y

whether to call or raise, but I was afraid if I raised him he would jump on me for more than I could produce, and thus capture the pot. So I said: 'Fit call that.' Bowen calmly threw his hand into the deck, and I left town loaded down with money."

"I have been playing poker for twenty-five years, and I never held a straight flush but once in my life," said a gray haired veteran the other day. "Then it didn't do me any good. There were seven of us playing, and a jack pot had passed around five times with-

out any one having openers. On the sixth deal it was my first say. I nearly fainted when I beheld a pat straight flush. I thought some one would surely open it, and made what I considered a nice play by passing. Well, dog gone my buttous, if every man around the table didn't pass, too. The next time some fellow captured the boodle with a pair of jacks."—St. Paul Globe.

Mrs. Brown is gittin' on! Old Mr. Bentley—She was doin' very well,

and although one lung is gone, the doctor said be thought she might live for some time; but las' week she ketched cold, which developed into pneumonia.
Old Mrs. Bentley (with pensive hopefulness)—Ah, well, if she's only got one lung she can't have it very bad.—New York Sun. only reason de Lawd lets us lib on is bekase "How much do you want for the dog in he bain't got no place to bury us all to once. -Detroit Free Press.

Shopping Styles.



and-What are you rigged out fo

Wife-I'm going shopping and want to be reated with respect, "Humph! Go shopping in all that finery and you will be charged three prices 193 "I don't intend to buy anything today. I wear my old clothes when I buy."—Omaha

Tother Fellow.

It was the day after election. An usually respectable appearing citizen strolled limpingly down Madison street. Mr. Citizen just now looked the reverse of respectable. His right eye wore crape, his nose was split in three different directions, and his lower lip was swollen until it bore a close resemblance to a frostbitten tomato. One arm was convalescing in a sling, and nearly every other member bere evidence of having seen more or less service in a losing cause. Along came a friend, who inquired of the perambulating hospital:

What's the matter, old boy; somebody been doing you up?"
"Yes; but you ought to see the other "Good gracious, man alive! you don't mean

to say that the other chap is worse off than Physician-Five times, my friend, three times for treatment and twice for my money. "No; there isn't a scratch on him."-Chi cago Herald. Convalescent-I guess I had better hurry German carp at 25 cents a pound is pop-

ular with New York eaters. DON'T SCOLD

a man for grossing when he has Rheumatism or Neuralgia. The pain is simply awful. No torture in the ancient times was more painful than these twin diseases. But—oughin't a man to be blamed if, having Rheu-matism or Neuralgia, he wont use Ath-lo-pho-ros, when it has cured thousands who have suffered in the same way? It has cured hundreds same way? It has cured hundreds after physicians have pronounced them incurable.

"The skill of five physicians could not cure ne of Rheumstien which had settled in the hips neck and shoulders. So intense we stee pain that sleep was almost impossible. The first dose of Athlephorus gave relief, and the third enabled me to sleep for four and a half hours without waking. I continued its use, and a contract the state of the s entinued its use and am now well REV. S. H. TROYER, New Alban

THE ATHLOPHOROS CO. 112 Wall St. N.Y.



LOGAL NOTICES. Worth Knowing.

Mr. W. H. Morgan, merchant, Lake City, Fla., was taken with a severe Cold, attended with a distressing Cough and runattended with a distressing Cough and run-ning into Consumption in its first stages. He tried many so called popular cough rem-edies and steadily grew worse. Was re-duced in flesh, had difficulty in breathing, and was unable to sleep. Finally tried Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and found immediate relief, and after using about a helf dozen bottles found himself and found immediate relief, and after using about a half dozen bottles found himself well, and has had no return of the disease No other remedy can show so grand a record of cures, as Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Guaranteed to do just what is claimed for it. Trial bottle free at Charles Ludiow & Co.'s Drug Store.

Renews Her Youth. Mrs. Phose Cheseley, Peterson, Clay Co., Iowa, tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am 73 years the residents of the town: "I am 13 years old, have been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and soreness, and am able to do all my own housework. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth, and removed com-pletely all disease and pain." Try a bot-tie, 50c. and \$1.,at Charles Ludlow & Co.'s

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THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilbiains, Corns, and all skin eruptions, and positive ly cures piles, or no payment required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Charles Ludlow & Co.

Sc. Resouvent St. Pre, ared by the Potter brug and Chemical Co. Roston. Mass 25 Send for How to Cure kin Diseases."
64 pages. 30 Hus rations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black heads red. rough. chapped Soap.

Catarrhal Dangers.

To be freed from the dangers of suffocation while thing down; to breathe freely, to sieep soundly and undisturbed; to rise refrest. dhead clear, brain active and free from pain or ache; to know that no poisonous, rutrid matter defives the breath and rots away the deligned and the poisonous of the property of the property of the present of th cate machinery of smell, taste and hearing to feel that the system does not, through its veins and arteries, suck up the poison that is w. C. RINEARSOI
sure to undermine and destroy, is indeed a
blessing beyond all other human enjoyments
lindians, Bloomington and Western immunity from such a fate should be the object of all afflicted. But those who have tried many remedies and physicians despair of relief or cure.

Sanford's Radical Cure meets every phase of atarrh, from a simple head cold to the most oathsome and destructive stages. It is local and constitutional Instant in relieving, per manent in curing, safe, economical and never

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solvent, and one Improved Inhaler, all
wrapred in one package, with treatise and
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